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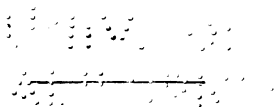
IN

MYTHLAND

BY
M. HELEN BECKWITH

//
ILLUSTRATED BY

SUSANNE LATHROP



EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

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THE
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after

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To

The Kindergarten Children

*Who have enjoyed
the stories.*

903939

PREFACE.

TO THE CHILDREN.

My dear little friends : —

A great many, many years ago, more years ago than you can count, there were some people living in a country called Greece that I think you will like to hear about.

They were wise for those times, and knew how to make many beautiful things, but they did not know much about the

“Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the beautiful water around it curled,”

nor much about the little country in which they lived ; and they had many queer ideas.

“Who takes care of all the things in the world?” they wondered. “One person could not do it, there must be a great many,” they thought. When a little boy asked his papa about it, the papa would say, “My child, there are many gods living on Mount Olympus, that high mountain you can see in the east. See, its top touches the blue sky. The gods have beautiful houses built of all manner of precious stones. They give us the things we need, fruit and grain for food, the beautiful flowers, the fish in the sea, the birds of the air, and the wild beasts in the forest. We must be kind and loving, my boy, like the dear gods.”

Then perhaps he would tell his little boy of Jupiter, the king in that fair land among the clouds, and of Juno, the queen ; of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom ; and of Venus, the goddess of beauty.

Preface.

He would not forget dear little Cupid, who could shoot love into people's hearts with his bow and arrows, nor Mercury, who taught people to be skilful, brave and true. Oh, how swiftly he could run, for he had wings on his shoes. He wore wings on his cap, too ; and he sometimes carried a queer staff in his hand.

There were, oh, so many more gods ! Apollo, who drove the sun chariot ; Diana, who took care of the moon ; Ceres, who taught the grain to grow ; Peneus, who looked after the brooks and rivers ; and Neptune, the god of the sea.

These were not all ; but if you want to know about any more ask your mamma or your teacher to tell you of them, and when you go into an Art Gallery look for paintings and statues of them.

A little Greek boy could have told you many things, could he not ? " But," I think I hear you say, " we know that there is just *one* dear Father, who takes care of the things and the people He has made."

Yes, and that is a more beautiful story than any the Greek boy could have told you ; but some of his stories are pretty ones, and perhaps you will like to read them.

They have been saved for us all these years ; and here are a few that I have told over and over to many little boys and girls, who have enjoyed them very much. I hope you will like them, too.

Sincerely your friend,

M. HELEN BECKWITH.

Florence Kindergarten,

Jan'y, 1896.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Epimetheus and Pandora	5
How Daphne became a Tree	19
Æolus, the Keeper of the Winds	31
Latona and the Frogs	45
Theseus, the Brave	54
The Little Weaver	72
Midas' Touch	89
Clytie, A Sunflower Myth	104
Vulcan, the Mighty Smith	112
Ceres and Proserpina	124
Arion, the Musician	149
Baucis and Philemon	165



IN MYTHLAND.



EPIMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

I.

Epimetheus was a little boy.

He lived long, long ago when the world was new.

He had a little house to live in, but he had no papa and no mamma.

The other children had brothers and sisters.

By and by the little boy had a play-mate.



This was a little girl.

Her name was Pandora.

What happy times they had!

Did Pandora cook the food?

No; the food they ate grew in the garden.

Also oranges, grapes, and fruits of other kinds.

In the house was a big box.

It was made of wood.

It had pretty pictures carved upon it.

One day Pandora said, "What is in that box?"

"I cannot tell," said the boy.

"O yes, do tell me," said the little girl.

"I cannot; it is a secret," he said.

“Where did you get it?”

“That is a secret, too. Come and get some figs.”

Pandora went, but she thought about the box.

“Where did Epimetheus get the box?” she said.

She said this to herself many times.

She said it to the boy, too.

“What can be in it?” she kept thinking.

But there was no one to tell her.



II.

The next day Pandora talked of the box.

And the next day, too.

“O, Pandora, you talk all the time of the box.

I am sick of it,” said the boy.

“Tell me what is in it then,” she said.

“I do not know. A man left it here.”

“How did he look?”

“He had wings on his cap and wings on his shoes.”

“O, it was Mercury,” said Pandora.

“He left me here. I think the box



MERCURY

is for me. It may have pretty dresses
in it.

O, dear boy, let us open it."

"No, no," said the boy, "we must
not do that.

When Mercury comes back, then we
can look in it."

This made Pandora cross.

She would not play.

The dear boy felt sad.

He went out to play alone.

Pandora looked at the box.

How pretty it was.

Flowers were carved upon it.

Leaves, too, and children.



On the top was such a pretty face.

The box was tied with a gold cord.

Pandora did want to open it.

By and by she said, "I will look in it."

Then she began to untie the cord.

The little boy went away by himself.

He did not play with the other children.

He felt sad, for Pandora was cross.

He ate some figs, but they did not taste good.

"The grapes taste sour," he said.

"I will go back to Pandora.

I will take her some flowers."

He made a wreath of roses for her.

Then he went to the house. The sky looked dark.

A black cloud was over the sun.

The door of the house was open.

He went in softly and shut the door.



III.

Epimetheus looked for Pandora.

She was kneeling by the box.

The cord lay on the floor.

He did not call out.

He thought, "I will see what is in it, too."

What did they see? What do you think was in it?

Out came some bees. "Buzz, buzz," they said.

"O, I am stung!" said the boy.

"So am I," said Pandora.

"The room is full of bees."

She opened the door.

They flew out.

They stung the other children.



They made the flowers fade.

They hurt the fruit. They gave the
people all kinds of trouble.

“O, why did we open the box?” said Pandora.

By and by, a little tap came from the box.

“Let me out,” some one said.

“No! No!” said the children.

“Let me out and I will help you.”

Then the children lifted the lid.

Such a pretty thing came out.

What bright wings it had!

It looked like a butterfly.

It kissed the children's stings.

It made them well.

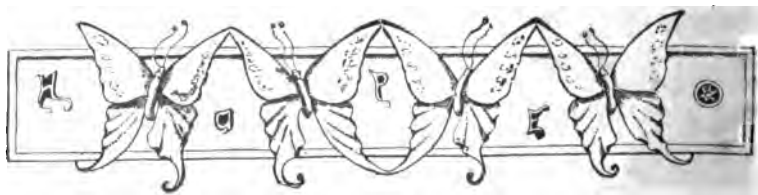
“Who are you?” said the children.

“I am Hope. I am to help people bear trouble.”

Then Hope went to help the other children.

Soon all the people felt better.

Hope never went away from the world. She is helping people bear trouble yet.





HOW DAPHNE BECAME A TREE.

I

Peneus was the river god.

He took care of the raindrops that
came to him.

He took care of the little brooks.

He led them to the big river.

He led the big river to the sea.

He was kind to the little fishes.

He told them where to look for food.

He taught them how to swim.

He loved them very much.



But he loved Daphne best of all.

Daphne was his own dear child.

She was so pretty.

She had long golden hair.

Her eyes were like stars.

She did not live in the water.

She liked the dry land.

She danced under the green trees.

She slept on the soft moss.

The birds and bees were her play-
mates.

She did not care for other friends.

Sometimes she had a ride in a big
gray cloud.

Then she would float over the river.

One day Cupid came to the river.

He came to get a drink of water.

Cupid was a dear boy, but he did
love fun.

What a smiling face he had!

And his eyes were so bright!
He had a bow and arrows.
The arrows were very little ones.
Some of them were made of gold.
He could shoot love into people's
hearts with these.
Some were made of lead.
He could shoot fear into people's
hearts with those.
It was not kind to do that, was it?
But Cupid loved fun, and sometimes
he did it.



II.

Apollo saw Cupid by the river.



He came near to him and said,
“What do you have arrows for?”

You cannot shoot.

Strong men like me can shoot.

We can shoot very far.

You are too little.

What can you do?"

Cupid did not like this.

He said, "I can shoot, too. I can shoot Apollo."

He took a little arrow made of lead.

He shot it at a rain cloud.

Daphne was in the cloud.

The arrow hit her.

It did not hurt her, but it made her afraid.

She came out of the cloud.



Then Cupid shot an arrow at Apollo.

This was a gold arrow.

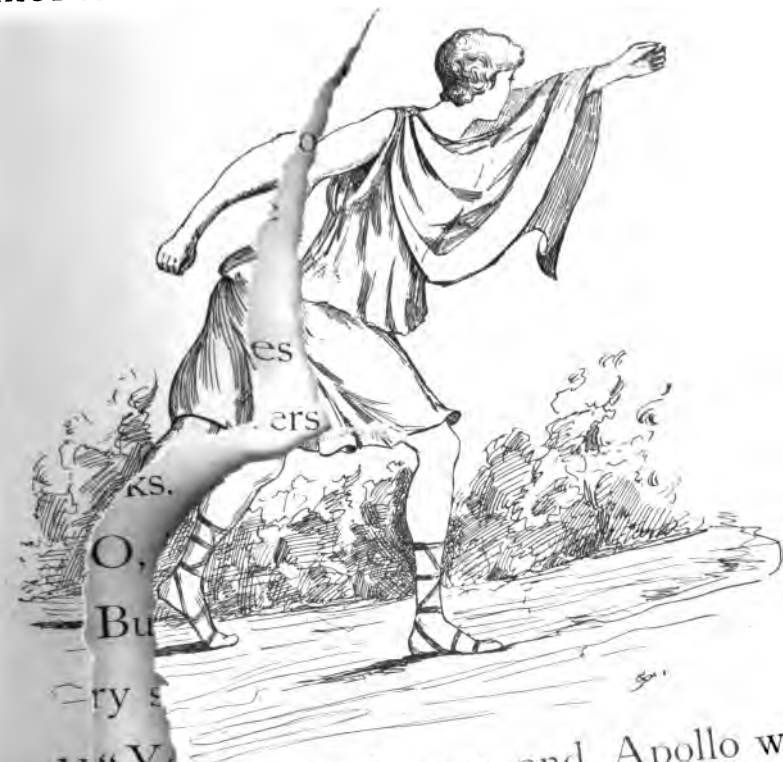
It filled Apollo's heart with love for
Daphne.

But Daphne's heart was full of fear.
How fast she ran !
And Apollo ran after her.
What a race it was !
"Stay Daphne," he cried.
"I will not hurt you.
I love you, Daphne.
Do not run. You will hurt your
feet on the stones."
But Daphne ran on and on.



III.

But at last Daphne could run no more.



How tired she was, and Apollo was so near.

But Daphne's heart was full of fear.
How fast she ran !
And Apollo ran after her.
What a race it was !
"Stay Daphne," he cried.
"I will not hurt you.
I love you, Daphne.
Do not run. You will hurt your
feet on the stones."
But Daphne ran on and on.



III.

But at last Daphne could run no more.



How tired she was, and Apollo was
so near,



~ ~ ~ ~ ~
DAPHNE

What could she do?

“Father,” she called.

“O, father, help me!” she cried.

The river god heard her.

What do you think he did?

He made her into a lovely green tree.

The leaves were so shiny!

The flowers were like her own pink cheeks.

O, it was such a pretty tree.

But Apollo had lost her. He felt very sad.

“You have won the race, Daphne,” he said.

III.

How softly the wind blew!

How still the water was!

Yet the boats sailed very fast.

Nine days went by.

All this time Ulysses watched the
bag.

He would let no one touch it.

He watched it day and night.

But now he was so tired that he fell
asleep.

The men saw he was asleep.

“Now we will open the bag,” they
said.

“We will see what is in it.

It may be full of gold.
We will each have a share.
Ulysses will not know.



He is asleep.”
So they untied the silver cord.
Out came all the winds.
O, how they blew!
They were so glad to be free.
They blew north and south.

They blew east and west.

The waves came into the boat.

“What shall we do?” said the men.

Ulysses awoke, but he could not help them.

The winds blew for hours.

But at last they grew tired.

Then they flew home, but they blew the boats back, too.

Æolus heard the winds.

He came to meet them.

He saw the boats.

The men saw him and cried,

“O, please tie up the winds again.”

“No,” said Æolus.

“Ulysses cannot trust you.
The winds are tired.
They may rest in the cave now.



West Wind shall not help you.
You must help yourselves.
You will have to row Ulysses home.”

“But I did not want to lose you.”

He broke off a big branch.

“You shall be my tree,” he said.

“I will make crowns of your green leaves.

Men who do brave deeds shall wear them.”

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Would you like to see the pretty tree?

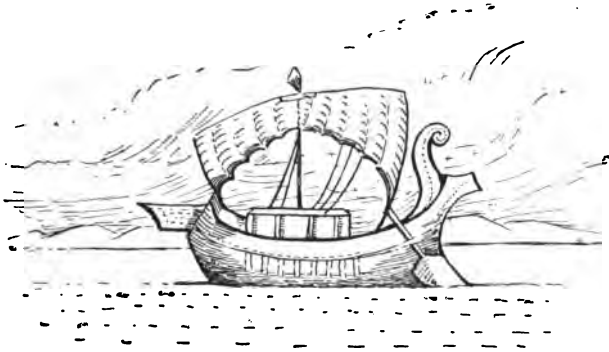
It cannot live where it is cold.

You may see it in a green house.

It has leaves like laurel leaves

It has pretty pink flowers.

We call it Daphne. 3



ÆOLUS, THE KEEPER OF THE WINDS.

I.

Ulysses had been to war.

He was a brave soldier and loved
his country.

But now the war was over.

He was going home.

How glad he was.

“I have been gone so long,” he said.
“How glad my wife will be to see me.



ULYSSES.

And my dear boy will be glad, too.
He is not a little boy now.
Ten years is a long time.

What a big boy he must be!

O, I wish I could fly to them."

But Ulysses could not fly.

He must go by boat, and his home
was far away.

At last the boats were ready.

Ulysses and his men set sail.

Days and days went by.

They did not have a pleasant time.

They had ever so much trouble.

But at last they saw land.

"I hope we can rest here," said
Ulysses.

"We are all so tired.

I hope the people will be kind to us.



ÆOLUS

We need some food to eat.

We shall need food to take with us,
too.

Will they give us some? ”

They rowed the boat to land.

Some one came to meet them.

This was Æolus.

Æolus lived on the island.

He took care of all the winds.

He kept them in a cave.

He was glad to see Ulysses.

“Stay with me and rest,” he said.

So Ulysses stayed many days.

II.

One bright day Ulysses said,

“I must start for home now.”

Then Æolus told the men to load the boats with food.

“I have one thing more for you to put in,” Æolus said.

“Wait here till I come back.”

He had a big bag in his hand.

The bag was made of skin.

He went to a cave not far away.

“West Wind!” he called.

West Wind came out.

Then Æolus went into the cave.

He put the other winds into the bag.

There was cold North Wind.

There was warm South Wind.

And there was rainy East Wind.

He put some little breezes in, too.

Then he tied the bag with a silver cord.

He took it to the boat.

“Put this in,” he said.

He told Ulysses what was in it.

“If it is too cold, let out South Wind,” he said.

“If it is too hot, let out North Wind.

If you wish to go east, let out East Wind.

Open the bag just a little.



WEST WIND

Call the wind that you need.

I did not put West Wind into the bag.

She will blow you from the shore.

She will go with you to help you.

You may not need any other wind.

If you do not, open the bag when you get to land.

The winds will all fly home.

You must watch the bag.

Do not tell the men what is in it."

"That is good," said Ulysses.

"Thank you, Æolus, Good-by."

And away they sailed.

III.

How softly the wind blew!

How still the water was !

Yet the boats sailed very fast.

Nine days went by.

All this time Ulysses watched the
bag.

He would let no one touch it.

He watched it day and night.

But now he was so tired that he fell
asleep.

The men saw he was asleep.

“Now we will open the bag,” they
said.

“We will see what is in it.”

It may be full of gold.
We will each have a share.
Ulysses will not know.



He is asleep.”
So they untied the silver cord.
Out came all the winds.
O, how they blew!
They were so glad to be free.
They blew north and south.



"YOU WERE A LITTLE BABY THEN"

“Sit here by me, Theseus.

I will tell you.

A man put them there.

He was going away.

It was a long time ago.

You were a little baby then.

‘Take good care of the baby’, he
said.

‘Teach him to be brave and true.

Some day he will be tall and strong.

Take him to the stone then.

If he is strong he can turn it over.

Then he must put on the shoes.

He must take the sword, too.

Send him to me.

I shall know him by these things.'

Theseus, that man was your father.

He is king of Athens.

You are to go to him now."

How happy Theseus was.

"May I go at once?" he said.

"Yes," said his mother.

Then he ran to tell his grandfather good-by.

"Go by sea," said the old man.

"It is the safer way."

"No," said Theseus.

"I have my father's sword.

I am not afraid."

And he started off.

II.

Theseus came at last to Athens.

He went to his father's palace.

"I am your son," he said.

"Here are your shoes and sword."

How glad the old king was.

"My son," he said, "Athens is in trouble.

We must send some men to the king of Crete.

We have to send him some each year.

Seven young men and seven girls he asks for.

He puts them in a kind of cave.



ONE OF THE SEVEN MAIDENS

It is called a labyrinth.

This place has many rooms.

No one can find his way out.

They have to stay there with a dreadful dragon.

Seven men and seven girls go to-morrow.

If we do not send them there will be a war.

It makes us all so sad."

And the tears ran down his face.

"Let me be one to go, father," said Theseus.

"I am strong. Let me take your sword.

I will kill the dragon."

"No one can take a sword, my son.

The king will not let him.

No, you must not go.

You must stay with me.

You will be king some day."

But Theseus begged to go.

"Let me try, father.

I shall win. Let me go."

At last his father said,

"Go my son. You are all I have.

But I give you to my country.

The boat has black sails.

If you win, come back with white
sails.

I shall watch for you from that hill.



I shall look at the color of the sails.
Good-by, my dear, dear boy."

III.

Crete was not far away.

In a few days they came to the place.

The king came down to the shore.

His daughter, Ariadne, came with him.

“How well they look,” he said.

“Take them to the labyrinth.”

Ariadne looked at Theseus.

“How handsome he is,” she thought.

“I do not want him lost in the labyrinth.”

She went to him.

No one saw her.

“Put this sword under your cloak,”
she said.

“You may kill the dragon.

Here is a ball of thread.

Tie one end of it in the first room
you enter.

Keep the ball in your hand.

Unwind the thread as you go from
room to room.

Wind it up as you come back.

You may be able to find your way out.”

Then they were taken to the laby-
rinth.

They were put into it, and the door
was shut.

Theseus had the ball of thread.



He tied one end of it near the door
He kept the ball in his hand.

As they went from room to room
he unwound the thread.

All at once they heard a roar.

It was the dragon.

How large and fierce it was.

It sprang at them.

But Theseus drew his sword.

He struck it two sharp blows.

It fell to the ground.

It lay there quite dead.



IV.

Theseus saw that it was dead.

Then he called his friends.

"Follow me," he said.

"I will find the way out."

Very slowly he went back.

He had unwound all of the thread.

But the end was in his hand.

He wound it into a ball again, as he went from room to room.

"I hope the thread will not break," he thought.

"If it does not, it will lead me out."

At last he came to where he had tied it.

It was near the door.



It was quite dark now.

He opened the door softly.

They all ran down to the shore.

They got into the boat and set sail
for home.

Theseus had saved their lives.

How grateful his friends were to
him.

The people in Athens were glad,
too.

They saw the boat far out on the
water.

They came to the shore to meet
him.

They sang songs to him.

They gave him flowers.

And afterward he was made king.

Don't you think such a brave boy
would make a wise king?





ARACHNE.

THE LITTLE WEAVER.

I.

Arachne sat in her little house.

She was spinning.

She took the lamb's wool and made
it into soft rolls.

She spun the rolls into fine yarn.

The little wood nymphs came to see
her.

"We like to see you work," they
said. "You spin so well.

Your fingers fly so fast.

No one can spin as well as you."

"Yes, I can spin well," said Arachne. "And I can weave, too.

Many people come to see me weave.

See this cloth. Is it not pretty?

The pictures I did with my needle."

It was very beautiful.

"Minerva, the wise one, must have taught you," said the nymphs.

"No," said Arachne, "no one taught me.

I can weave as well as Minerva."

"O no," said the nymphs.

"You must not say that.

Minerva is a goddess.

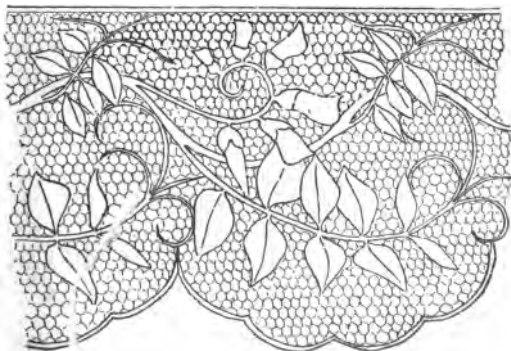
No one can weave as well as she."

But Arachne said, over and over,
"Minerva did not teach me.

I can weave as well as she.

I would like to try my skill with
hers.

I should win I know."



II.

Minerva lived with the gods on Mount Olympus.

She heard what Arachne said.

“What a silly girl she is!” she thought.

“I will go down and talk to her.

I will wear this old cloak.

She will not know me.”

Then she came down to earth.

She went to Arachne’s house.

She saw her at her work.

“How well you spin!” she said.

“Can you weave, too?”

“Yes,” said Arachne.

“See this pretty cloth.
See the pretty pictures.



I can weave as well as Minerva.
I would like to try my skill with hers.”



MINERVA.

“O you must not say that.

Try your skill with some young girl.

Then you may win.

You cannot win in a match with Minerva.

She taught you how to spin.”

“No she did not,” Arachne said.

“I can do work as well as she.”

This made Minerva very angry.

“Bold girl,” she said, “I am Minerva.

Do you wish to try you skill with mine?”

Arachne grew very pale.

She knew it was not safe to try it.

“Do not try, Arachne,” said her friends.

“Tell Minerva you are sorry.

She will forgive you.

She is good and kind.”

But Arachne would not do it.

“I will try. I may win.” she said.

“Very well,” said Minerva.

“We will begin now.”

“Why is Arachne so silly?” said the little nymphs.

“Minerva will win.

Then she will punish the wicked girl.”

III.

The room was very still.

The nymphs watched the weavers.



Arachne made a picture of a girl in
her cloth.



OLIVE TREE

She was petting a pretty white swan.

Then she made a tower.

It seemed to be of brass.

A shower of golden light was
shining on it.

She made the sea, too.

It was so blue it made one wish
to ride on it.

They were all very pretty.

Minerva made pictures of the gods
and their kind deeds.

When these were done she made an
olive tree.

She had sent this tree to earth to
help the people.

It did help them very much.
It gave them food and oil.



Near the tree was a butterfly.
It seemed to be alive.
One could almost see it fly.
“See all the rainbow colors,” said
the little nymphs.

Arachne looked at the cloth.

“Who has won, Arachne?” said Minerva.

Arachne would not say one word.

She tried to run away.

Minerva stopped her.

“Wicked girl,” she said, “will you praise no work but your own?”

We are to help people in this world.

We are not to boast of our own work.

Do you love no one but yourself?

Then you shall work for no one but yourself.”

She touched Arachne with her shuttle.



Arachne felt herself grow very small.
She heard a nymph say,

“O, how little Arachne is growing.

What a tiny head she has!

What a big body!

Now her pretty hair is all gone.

Only her bright eyes are left.”

They felt so sad.

They went away and left her.

“Let me see you spin,” said
Minerva.

Slowly Arachne began.

She took the thread from her own
body.

How fine it was.

She made a little web.

It had no pictures in it, but it was very pretty.

Minerva went away and left her spinning.

She spins and weaves to this day.

But she helps no one.

No one can use the web.

It is too small.

When you see her work you say,

“O, see the spider’s web.”





MIDAS' TOUCH.

I.

King Midas was very rich.

He had many bags full of gold.

He kept them in a chest in the
cellar.

Every day he would go down and count them.



One day he said, "I wish I had more money.

I wish I had a room full of gold.

A chest full is not very much."

“More money do you want, King Midas?” a voice said.

King Midas looked up very quickly.

He thought he was alone.

A little man stood beside him.

He had merry eyes and a smiling face.

He had wings on his cap and shoes.

“Who are you?” said King Midas.

“How did you get in?”

“Was not the door locked?”

The little man laughed.

“I am Mercury,” friend Midas.

“So you want more gold, do you?”

I will give you one wish.



MERCURY

What would you like?"

King Midas thought a minute.

Then he said, "I love gold better than anything.

Let everything I touch turn to gold."

Mercury laughed softly.

"A good wish, friend Midas.

May it make you happy.

Wait until to-morrow.

When the sun rises you shall have the golden touch."

Then he went away.

II.

The next day came at last.
King Midas woke very early.
He put his hand on the bed.
How happy he was when it turned
to gold.

“O, it is true,” he cried.

“I have the golden touch.”

He touched everything in the
room.

He had gold chairs and tables.

Gold doors and windows.

And a floor of gold to walk upon.

Then he ran down stairs.

He went into his garden.

“I will have a garden of gold,” he said.

So he touched all the pretty flowers.

All the roses and lilies.

All the pansies and pinks.

And the grass and trees, too.

O, how stiff they looked.

And so bright in the sunshine.

It hurt his eyes to look at them.

Then he went in to breakfast.

Just then he heard some one crying.

His little girl came into the room.

Her eyes were full of tears.

She had a gold rose in her hand.

“Why Marygold,” he said.

“Why are you crying? Come and tell me.”



“We have no pretty flowers.

“Look at this rose. See how stiff it is,” she said.

“I picked it for you, papa.”

Then she cried again.

“Why, that is a gold rose,” he said.

“Don’t you think it is pretty?”

“No,” said Marygold.

“I like soft sweet roses.”

“Well, do not cry,” he said.

“We must eat our breakfast.”

But what was the trouble?

King Midas tried to open his egg.

But it was solid gold.

So was the bread and the fish.

He drank some coffee.

It turned to gold in his mouth.

He could not eat anything.



MARYGOLD AT BREAKFAST

“What shall I do?” he cried.

“I shall starve!”

Little Marygold heard him.

She ran to his side.

“What is the trouble, papa?” she said.

He put his arm around her.

When — oh dear! she turned to
gold, too.

She could not walk or talk.

She was a little gold statue.

Poor King Midas!

How he hated gold then.

“My little girl! my little girl!” he
cried.

And the tears ran down his face.

III.

“How do you like the golden touch, friend Midas?” some one said.

King Midas looked up.

Mercury stood beside him.

“O, take it away,” said King Midas.

“Look at my dear little girl.

I have turned her into gold.

Can you give her back to me?”

“Go and bathe in the brook in the garden,” said Mercury.

“Take a pitcher and fill it with the water.

Put a few drops on each thing you have made into gold."

King Midas took the pitcher.

He went to the brook.

He waded in and filled it.

Then he went to the house.

How fast he ran.

He put some water on Marygold first.

How glad he was when she opened her blue eyes.

"Why, papa," she said, "how wet I am!"

She did not know she had been a little gold girl.



MARYGOLD

Don't you think he was glad to hear her voice?

He kissed her a great many times.

Then he went into the garden.

He put water on the gold flowers.

He put some on the trees and grass.

They grew soft and green again.

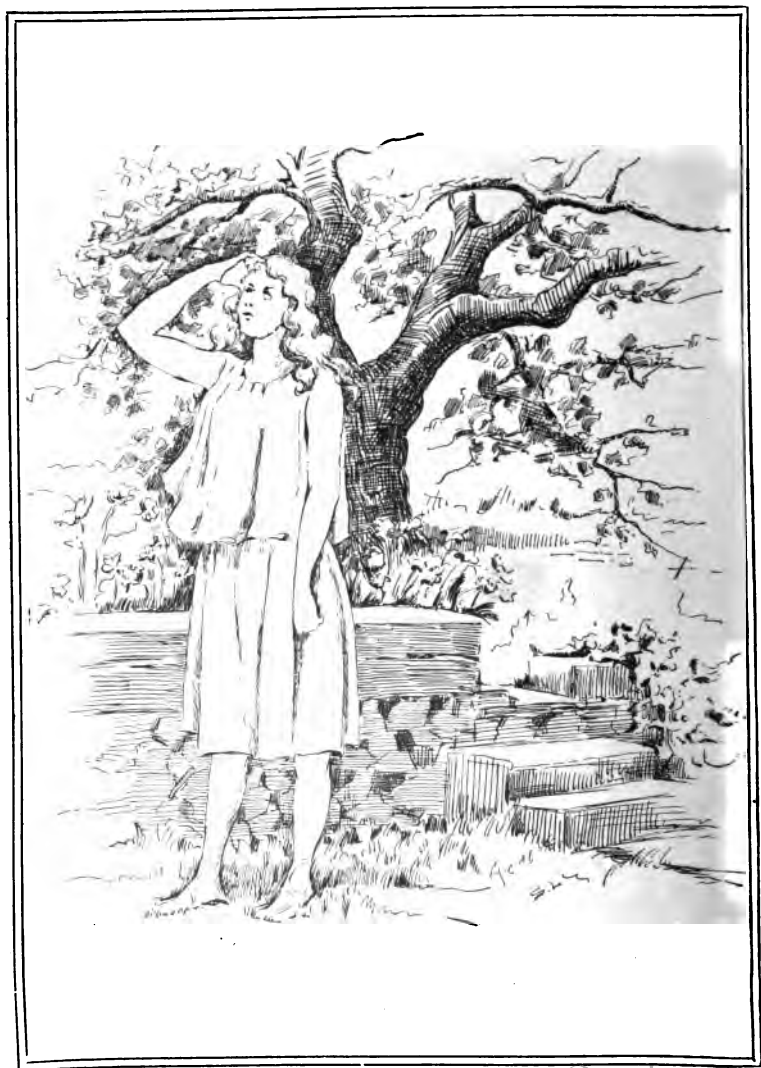
"Real flowers are best," said King Midas.

"I will take some in to Marygold.

How glad I am I have a little girl to love me.

Love is better than gold.

Love is the best thing in all the world."



CLYTIE; A SUNFLOWER MYTH.

I.

Clytie was in the garden.

She was looking at the sky.

She liked to watch the clouds.

“How soft and pretty they are,” she
said.

“What a big one that is!

There, it is gone!

What was that behind it?

It must have been Apollo's own way.

He was driving the sun chariot.
How fine he looked!



I wish I could see him again.
I will watch for him each day."
Her mamma came to the door.
"What are you doing, Clytie?" she

“O, I saw Apollo,” said Clytie.

“He was driving the sun chariot.

I shall watch for him every day.

I may see him again.”

“He will not like that,” said
mamma.

“He wants no one to see him.

That is why the sun’s rays are so
bright.”

Clytie was a pretty girl;

She was tall and slender.

She had big brown eyes.

Her cheeks were rosy.

She had golden hair.

But she liked to have her own way.

She did not mind what mamma said.

Every day she watched the sky.

“Apollo will not like it,” said mamma.

“Come and help me sew, Clytie.”

But Clytie did not come.

“I love Apollo so much,” she said.

“I must see him.”



II.

Apollo saw Clytie.

He heard what she said.

He heard her mamma call her, too.

“Girls should obey their mothers,”
he said.

“Clytie does not sew.

She does not cook.

She has looked at me for nine days.

I am tired of it.”

Then he sent a bright ray down.

It touched Clytie on her head.

Her brown eyes stayed wide open.

Her yellow hair grew stiff.



Her dress turned to big green
leaves.

They clung to a tall stalk. .

Her little toes turned to roots.

They crept down into the soft earth.

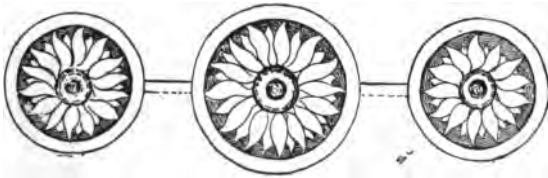
They held her firmly in place.

And Clytie was a tall flower.

She looks at the sun every day.

She watches it with her big brown
eye.

We call her a sunflower.



VULCAN, THE MIGHTY SMITH.

I.

Vulcan was a blacksmith.

He was big and strong, but he was lame.

He was lame when a little boy.

He lived on Mount Olympus.

His papa and mamma were not kind to him.

“I do not like to look at him,” said his papa.

“He is not pretty,” said his mamma.

“I do not love him.”

“We will send him down to earth,”
said his papa.



So they sent him away.

Poor little boy !

How sad he was !

But some one was kind to him.



THETIS LIVED IN A CAVE

This was Thetis.

Thetis lived in a cave in the sea.

Sometimes she stayed on the land.

One day she saw Vulcan.

She was sorry for the little boy.

She took him home with her.

What a happy time he had.

He lived with her nine years.

He grew big and strong.

Then he went back home.

He learned to be a blacksmith.

What a good workman he was!

What beautiful things he made!

Chairs and tables of gold.

He made gold shoes, too.

He made houses and carriages of
brass.



His own house was made of brass.
His shop was made of brass.

His tool chest was made of silver.

Sometimes Vulcan made armor for the kings.

One day Thetis came to see him.

Vulcan had not seen her for a long time.

His wife met her at the door.

Then she ran to the shop to tell Vulcan.

"Thetis has come," she said.

"She wants to see you."



II.

Vulcan came to the house.

How glad he was to see her.

But he saw she was in trouble.

“What is the trouble, dear Thetis?”
he said.

“O, Vulcan, my dear son must go
to war.

“He has lost all his armor,” she said.

“You can make armor, Vulcan.

You make armor for kings.

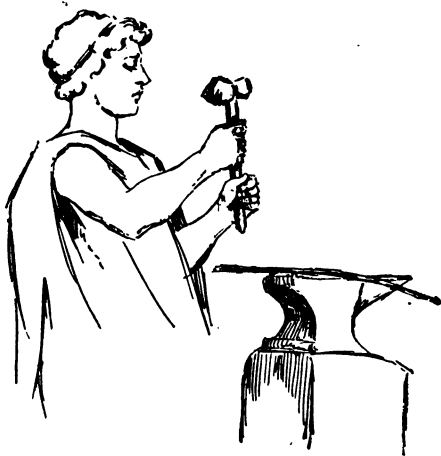
Will you make him a sword and
shield?

Achilles is not a king, but he is
brave and good.

I love him so much.

Will you make the armor, Vulcan?"

"Yes," said Vulcan.



"I am so glad to help you.

You were so kind to me when I
was a little boy.

I will go to work at once.

Stay here with my wife."

He went to his shop.

He took his tools from the silver chest.

He worked all night.

He made a sword and shield.

He made a helmet, too.

How beautiful they were!

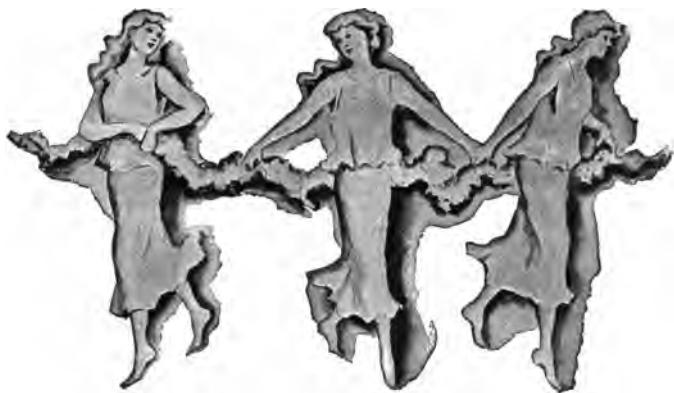
The shield had pictures carved upon it.

There were pictures of children.

They had flowers in their hands.

They had wreaths on their heads.

They ran races; they danced on the grass.



They looked as if they were alive.

The sword was so bright and strong.

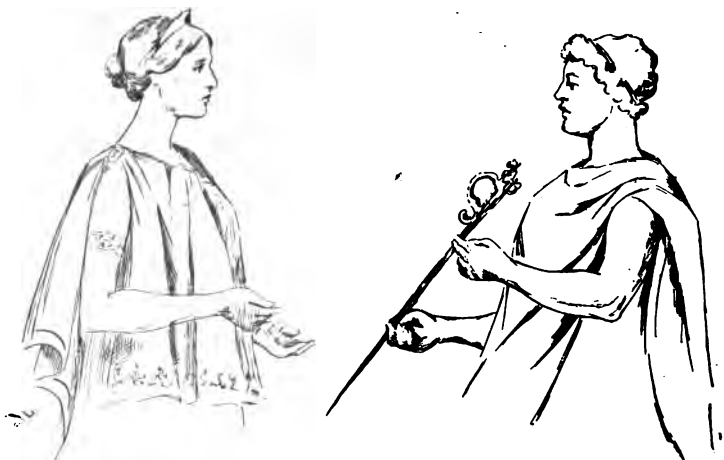
How it would flash in the sunlight !

It looked like gold.

“ I think Achilles will like it,” Vulcan
said.

III.

Vulcan took the armor in to Thetis.
“I did my best,” he said.



O, how happy Thetis was!
She said, “O, thank you Vulcan,”
a great many times.
Then she took the armor to Achilles.
Achilles was happy, too,

No one had ever seen so beautiful
a shield.

No one else had so fine a sword.

People loved to talk of it.

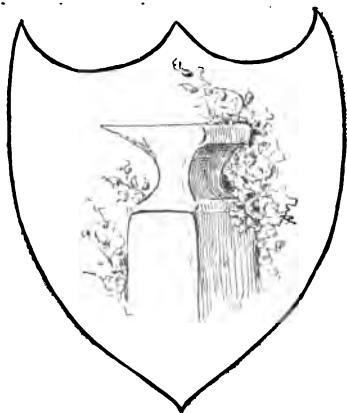
Years afterwards they talked of it.

They told the little children of it.

“Achilles’ armor was so beautiful,”
they said.

“Vulcan made it for him.

He made it for love of Thetis.”





CERES

CERES AND PROSERPINA.

I.

“My child,” said Mother Ceres.

“I must go many miles to-day.

You will be lonely I know.

What can you do while I am
away?”

Ceres had the care of all the grain.

She loved her little girl very much.

But Spring had been very late.

Now she must get the corn ready.

The oats needed her care.

She must help the rye and wheat.

She could not talk to Proserpina.

She could not play with her.

She could tell her no stories.

She was so very busy.

And now she must be away all day.

Proserpina was a dear little girl.

She did not fret nor cry.

She said, "May I go to the shore?

The sea nymphs will play with me.

I will not go into the water."

"Yes," said mamma.

“The sea nymphs are good play-mates.



Have a good time, dear.

Good-by," and away she went.

Proserpina was left alone.

She went down to the shore.

"Little nymphs?" she called.

They came up on a little wave.

They lived under the water.

They were so pretty.

They wore pale green dresses.

They had long soft hair.

"Come and get some flowers," said Proserpina.

"Oh no," said the nymphs.

"Fresh air makes us faint.

We must have a sea breeze."

"I will get them," said Proserpina.



I will bring them to you.

We will make wreaths of them."

"That will be nice," said the
nymphs.

"Call us when you come back.

We will rest on that soft sponge."

II.

“I would not like to live in the water,” Proserpina thought.



“The little nymphs have no flowers.
They have moss, and pearls, and
shells.

But I like flowers best.

I will take them ever so many.

There is such a pretty bush.

I will take them a large branch."

She gave a strong pull.

The whole plant came up.

"How queer!" she said.

"What a big hole there is!

Oh! it grows bigger and bigger!"

Just then four black horses came
out of the hole.

A chariot of gold came, too.

In it sat a man.

He had a crown on his head.

It was made of diamonds.

How bright it was in the sunshine!
He saw Proserpina, and said,
“Come and ride, my little girl.”



“Oh no,” said Proserpina.
“Mamma said I must stay here.”
But he put her into the chariot.

She gave a loud cry.

“Mamma, save me!” she called.

Mamma could not be seen.

But she heard her cry.

“Was that my child?” she thought.

She came home as fast as she could.

Proserpina could not be found.

She went from house to house.

She went down to the shore.

No one had seen the little girl.

Days and days went by.

Proserpina did not come home.

Ceres was wild with grief.

She took no care of the crops.

They were so dry and brown!
No green thing was to be seen.
“I can do nothing,” she said.
“I must find my child.”



III.

Where was Proserpina all this time?

She rode many miles in the chariot.

How fast the horses ran!

Faster than the wind they went.

The poor child was so afraid.

"Please let me get out," she said.

"Why Proserpina," said the man,
"I am King Pluto.

You have heard of me I am sure.

My home is down in the ground.

I take care of the coal and iron.

I have diamonds, too, and gold and
silver.



KING PLUTO

I am lonely, child.

I need a little girl in my home.

You will be happy there.

I have a palace of gold.

I have diamonds for lamps.

I have so many things to show
you!"

Proserpina only cried.

"I want my mamma," she said.

"I do not care for gold houses.

Please let me go home."

But the king drove faster and
faster.

Down into the ground they went.

At last they came to the palace.

It was very beautiful.

King Pluto was very kind, too.



He gave her rings of gold.

He gave her pearls and diamonds.

He did all he could to make her happy.

“I will not cry any more,” she thought.

“That will do no good.

If I am good he may let me go.

I will not eat anything.

One must not eat in Pluto's house.

People forget their homes if they do.

Mamma told me that.”

Then she dried her eyes.

But she would eat no food.

IV.

So many days went by!

Proserpina was not very unhappy.

King Pluto was so kind.

But she ate nothing.

One day a servant came into the room.

He had a pomegranate for her.

"I shall not eat it," said Proserpina.

"What a poor, little one it is!"

"It is the only one in the world," said the servant.

"All the crops are dying.

There is no green grass on the earth.

All the trees are brown and bare."

He put it on the table.

Then he left the room.



Proserpina looked at it.

"I will smell of it," she said.

"It does smell good.

I will take one little bite."



SHE TOOK NO CARE OF THE GRAIN

It did taste good.

Just then Pluto came into the room.

Some one was with him.

“Come here, Proserpina,” he said.

“This is my friend, Mercury.

He has told me sad things.

All the earth is dry and brown, he says.

The crops are dying.

Mother Ceres is looking for you.

She takes no care of the grain.

Nothing shall grow, she says, until you come home.

The people are in need of food.

I must let you go.

Good-by, my child.

I shall miss you so much.

Mercury will take you home."



V.

Mother Ceres sat by the window.

How sad she was!

“Proserpina has been gone. so long,” she said.

“Shall I ever see her again?”

All at once the grass grew green.

Leaves came on the bare trees.

Flowers grew in the fields.

“Does the earth disobey me?” said Ceres.

“The ground was to be bare.

No green thing was to grow till Proserpina came home.”

“Then open your arms, mamma,”
said a voice.

“Here I am.”

And Proserpina came in.



What a happy meeting it was!
By and by Ceres said,
“Did you eat anything in Pluto’s
house?”

“Not until to-day, mamma.”

I took one bite of a pomegranate.

That was all, mamma.

Six seeds were left in my mouth."

"Six seeds?" said Ceres.

"Then you must stay six months with Pluto.

One month for each seed every year."

"Don't cry, mamma," said Proserpina.

"Be glad he let me come home.

Six months will not be long.

He was very kind to me.

He likes a little girl in his house.

See the pretty rings he gave me."

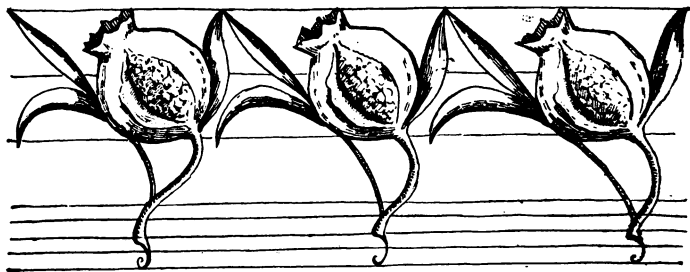
So Proserpina goes to see Pluto every year.

Mother Ceres is sad and lonely then.

She puts all the little plants to sleep.

Jack Frost comes and helps her.

He covers them with a warm, white blanket.



ARION, THE MUSICIAN.

I.

A ship was out on the water.

The day was clear and sunny.

There was very little wind.

Arion was on board this ship.

He had a lyre in his hand.

He had been to play for a king.

This king was very fond of music.

One day he said,

“I will give a prize to the one that
can play the best.

Send the news over all the land.
Any one may try.



They shall meet here in thirty days.
I will hear them play.”

The time came at last.

People came from far and near.

With the rest came Arion.

They all played for the king.

But Arion played the best.

So he won the prize.

Now he was on his way home.

He lived in Corinth.

The king of Corinth was his friend.

The name of this king was Per-
ander.

As Arion sat in the boat he
watched the waves.

“How slow the ship moves,” he
thought.

"I wish it would go faster.

I want to see Periander.

How glad he will be that I won the prize."

But the sailors had been watching Arion.

They saw his bag of gold.

"See how much money he has," they said.

"Let us toss him into the sea.

No one will know it.

Then the money will be ours."

Arion heard what they were saying.

"O take my gold," he said.

"Only spare my life.

Take me home to Periander.

You may have all the money."

"That would not do," said the sailors.

"You are Periander's friend.

He would make us give back the money.

We must put you out of the way."

Poor Arion! He begged them to spare his life.

But they would not listen.

At last Arion said,

"May I play one more tune on my lyre?"

"Yes," said the sailors.



ARION JUMPED INTO THE SEA

O, how sad the music was!

When it was done, Arion said,

“Dear waves, I come to you.”

Then he jumped with his lyre into
the sea.

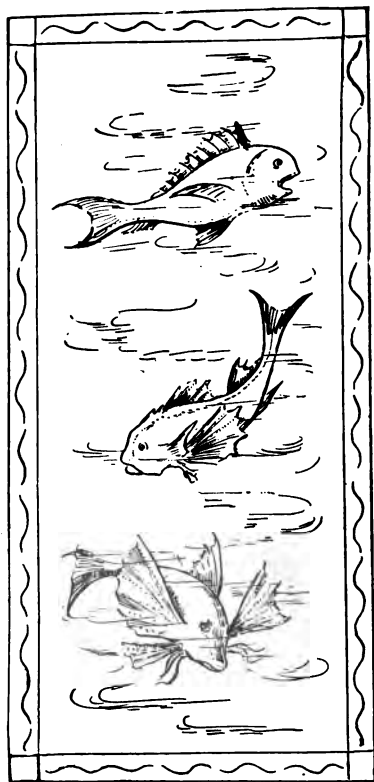
The blue waves covered him.

Then the ship sailed far away.



II.

But all the fish had heard the music.



They swam after the ship.

There were big fish and little fish.

Slim fish and fat fish.

And fish of all colors.

When Arion reached the water,
they swam around him.

“Can we help you any?” they said.

“Don’t you like the water?”

“No,” said Arion, “I cannot swim.”

Then a big dolphin spoke up:

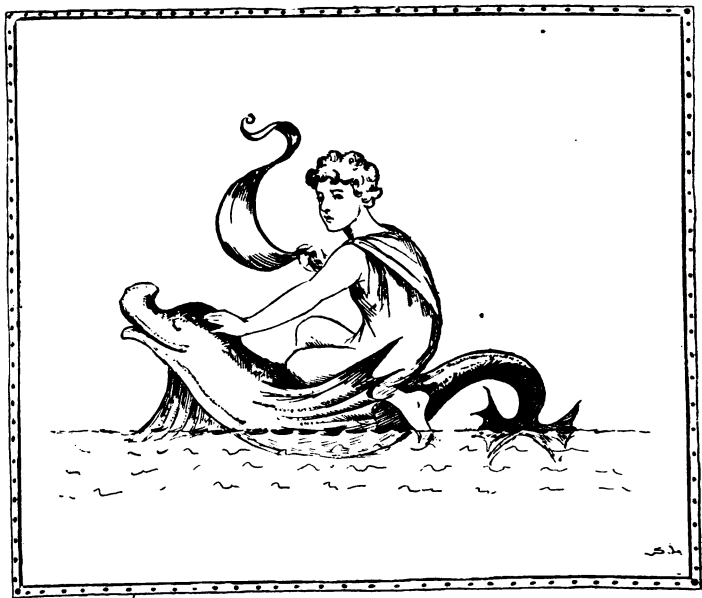
“I am big and strong.

Get on my back.

I will take you safe to shore.”

So Arion got on his back and away
they went.

What fun it was!



The dolphin swam so fast.

Much faster than the ship could sail.

The other fish came after them.

They soon came to land.

“Thank you, dear dolphin,” said
Arion.

“I wish you could come with me.

But you like the water best.”

“Yes,” said the dolphin.

“But play us one more tune.”

So Arion played two tunes.

Then they said good-by, and the fish swam away.

Corinth was in sight now.

In a few minutes Arion came to the king's palace.

Periander saw him and ran to meet him.

“I come back to thee, dear friend,” said Arion.

“I won the prize, too, but I have lost it.”

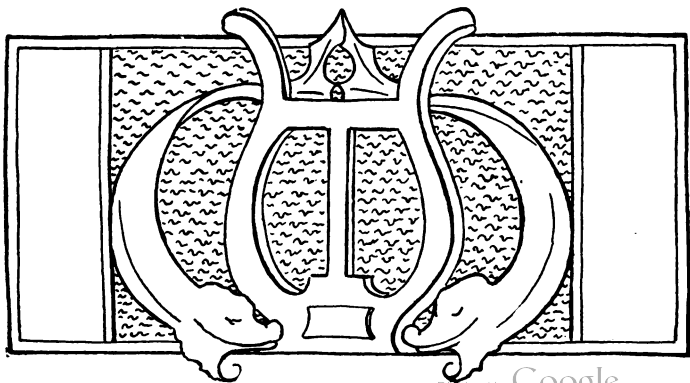
Then he told him of his journey.

“O, what wicked sailors!” said the king.

“Let us go to the shore.

We will see them when the ship comes in.

I shall punish them for this.”





III.

Not long after this the ship came in.

The sailors came ashore.

Periander went to meet them.

“Did you see Arion?” he asked.

“I hoped he would come on this ship.”

“He left the ship at a little town,”
they said.

“He wished to see his cousin.

He was well and happy.”

Arion heard them say this.

He had been hiding behind an old
boat.

He stood up now and faced them.

O, how afraid they were!

They knew how wicked they had
been.

They saw that Periander knew it, too.

They fell down at his feet.

“O spare us!” they said.

“We will give back the money.”

Only let us live.”



“Wicked, cruel men,” said Periander.

"You would not spare Arion's life.
You are too cruel to live."

But Arion had a kind heart.

"Dear Periander," he said,

"Let them go.

They are sorry I think.

I am safe and happy.

Forgive them for my sake."

"For your sake, Arion, they shall
live," said Periander.

"But they may treat some one else
in the same way.

I cannot trust them.

I shall send them out of the country."

And Periander did so.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

I.

“Come here, Mercury,” said Jupiter one day.

“Will you go down to earth with me?

I must visit a little village.

I have heard that the people there are not kind.

They do not love one another.

They are cruel to the animals.

Even the little children are very rude.

I must go and see if this is true.
It makes me very sad.



Will you go with me?
Leave your cap and shoes at home.
Wear some old clothes.

They must not know us.”

Mercury was glad to go, and they started off.

They came to the village just at sunset.

The day had been very warm.

They were very tired.

“Are you not tired, Jupiter?” asked Mercury.

“Yes,” said Jupiter.

“I shall be glad to rest.

Let us ask for a drink of water at this house.”

He rapped on the door.

A woman opened it.

“Will you please give us some water to drink?” he said.

“I have none to spare,” said the woman.

“Go to the next house.”

Then she shut the door.

They asked for food and water at every house.

No one gave them any.

No one asked them in to rest.

Some boys were playing ball in the street.

“See those old men,” they said.

“Where did you get your clothes?” they called.

Then they threw sticks and mud at them.

“How sad it is,” said Jupiter.



“Not one kind heart in all this place.

The people are all so selfish.”

“There is one more house on that little hill,” said Mercury.

“It is not far away.

Let us try once more.”

“Well,” said Jupiter.

So they went up the little path.





II.

Two old people lived in this house.
They were Baucis and Philemon.
The house was a very tiny one.
They had very little money.
But they had the kindest hearts in
all the world.

They were sitting on the door-step
this evening.

They often sat there when the work
was done.

They liked to watch the sunset.

They heard the noise in the village.

They heard the shouts of the rude
boys.

“What can be the matter?” said
Philemon.

“Some stranger must have come to
the village,” said Baucis.

“I am so sorry for him.

The people are so unkind.

He may be hungry.

I wish he would come here.”

Just then they saw Jupiter and Mercury.

They were coming up the hill.

“I told you so,” said Baucis.

“There are two of them.

See how tired they look.

Run and bid them welcome.

I will get supper at once.

I know they need food.”

How glad the strangers were.

Philemon gave them water to drink.

They sat on the door-step to rest.

Soon Baucis called them to supper.

They had found two friends at last.

III.

They all sat down at the table.

What did they have for supper?

Some soup made from the beans in the garden.



Some grapes from the vine near the door.

A loaf of bread, and some butter and cheese.

There was a small pitcher filled with milk.

Baucis poured the milk into two cups.



She gave these to the guests.

“How good the milk tastes,” said Mercury.

“A little more if you please.”



BAUCIS.

He gave Baucis the cup.

She did not like to say that she had no more.

“I will tip up the pitcher,” she thought.

“He will see that there is none in it.”

So she tipped it up.

But there was milk enough to fill the cup.

Then Jupiter passed his cup.

“I am sorry,” she said, “but I have no more.”

She tipped up the pitcher.

There was enough to fill his cup.

The guests laughed.

“The pitcher is bigger than it looks,”
said Mercury.

“Try again, I would like some
more.”

There was enough to fill his cup
again.

Mercury laughed.

“Who are you?” said the old lady.

“Friends, dear Baucis,” he said.

“And we are glad to find two kind
hearts in this place.”

She did not know what to think.

But supper was over now.

They must go to bed.

“We have but one bed,” said Baucis.

“We shall be glad to give you that.
We can sleep on a mat on the floor.
We often do so.”

And Philemon took them to the little
room.





IV.

They all rose early the next morning.
The strangers would not stay to
breakfast.

“I would like to see the sun rise,”
said Jupiter.

“Let us all go to that hill.

Can we not see it rise from there?"

"Yes," said Philemon.

"Baucis and I often go to see it."

So they went up the hill.

At the top they looked back at the
village.

But where was the village!

Not a house was to be seen.

In its place was a lovely, blue lake.

The sun rose over the hill.

It shone down on the water.

How bright it looked!

Then Baucis looked for her little
home.

That was gone, too.



But in its place was such a fine house.

It was made of marble.

Around the house was a beautiful garden.

Such lovely flowers grew in it!

“That house is to be your home,”
said Jupiter.

We are gods from Mount Olympus.
We heard how selfish the people
were.

We came down to see about it.

We found that it was true.

You were the only kind people in all
the village.

Be kind to people in the new house.

As kind as you were in the little
one.

We know that you will be.

We hope you will be happy.”

The dear old people cried for joy.



JUPITER

“We can help so many people now,”
they said.

“Good-by,” said Jupiter.

“Can I help you in any way?”

“Dear Jupiter,” said Philemon,

“I want one thing more.

By and by, Baucis and I will die.

Let us go together.

We love each other so much.”

“It shall be as you wish,” said Jupiter.

Then he and Mercury went away.



V.

Baucis and Philemon went to the new home.

They were very happy there.

They made other people happy, too.

They lived there many years.

One day some friends came to see them.

It was in the spring time.

The old people could not be found.

They looked for them in the house.

They went out into the garden.

They went up on the high hill.

But they could not find them.

Then they saw two trees growing near the door.

One was a linden.

The other was an oak.

They were growing side by side.

Just then the wind rustled the leaves.



“I am Baucis,” said the linden.

“I am Philemon,” said the oak.

“Welcome, dear friends, welcome!”



Jupiter had made them into trees.
How beautiful they were!
They did not look old now.

They were never tired.

And they could still make people
happy.

Poor, tired people sat at their feet to
rest.

Then the leaves would rustle.

Together they would say,

“Welcome, dear friends, welcome!”

They had said this in the little house.

They had said it in the new house.

And they said it now,

“Welcome, dear friends, welcome.”

VOCABULARY.

Achilles	-	-	-	-	A-kil'-ēz.
Æolus	-	-	-	-	Ē'-ō-lus.
Apollo	-	-	-	-	A-pol'-ō.
Arachne	-	-	-	-	A-rak'-nē.
Ariadne	-	-	-	-	Ar-i-ad'-nē.
Arion	-	-	-	-	A-rī'-on.
Baucis	-	-	-	-	Bau'-sis.
Ceres	-	-	-	-	Sē'-rēz.
Clytie	-	-	-	-	Klī'-tē.
Cupid	-	-	-	-	Kū'-pid.
Daphne	-	-	-	-	Daf'-nē.
Diana	-	-	-	-	Dī-an'-a or Di-ā'-na.
Epimetheus	-	-	-	-	Ep-i-mē'-thūs.
Jupiter	-	-	-	-	Jū'-pi-ter.
Latona	-	-	-	-	Lā-tō'-na.
Mercury	-	-	-	-	Mer'-kū-ri.
Midas	-	-	-	-	Mī'-das.
Minerva	-	-	-	-	Mi-ner'-va.
Pandora	-	-	-	-	Pan-dō'-ra.
Peneus	-	-	-	-	Pe-nē'-us.
Periander	-	-	-	-	Per-i-an'-der.
Phillemon	-	-	-	-	Fi-lē'-mon.
Pluto	-	-	-	-	Plū'-tō.
Proserpina	-	-	-	-	Prō-ser'-pi-na.
Theseus	-	-	-	-	Thē'-sūs.
Thetis	-	-	-	-	Thē'-tis.
Ulysses	-	-	-	-	Ū-lis'-ēz.
Vulcan	-	-	-	-	Vul'-kan.

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